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From a Frieze at Capri

## THE PASSING

### A SILHOUETTE

Whither goes his surface self,  
 The proud, disdainful product of his vagrant youth?  
 And why a boy with trumpet heralding his way?  
 And why a goose with flapping wing a-cackle just behind?  
 Is this the bird of folly departing with a cry of pain?

\* \* \* \* \*

For lo! a Wisp upon a knoll of fate,  
 With wand extended in her slender arm  
 Has set the inner qualities of one she loves  
 In tune with all the infinite.  
 First comes the crow of dark indifference,  
 He rests from sudden flights to contemplate  
 The trail of virtues never quite so waked to life before.  
 Then struts the blithe and sturdy child of love,  
 With flag of joy held firmly in his trusting hand.  
 Follows, but with careful tread,  
 The gentlest maiden of his heart—Consideration,  
 Upon her winged back the burden of a baby bearing.  
 While backward, though with mocking paws, runs Humor,  
 A merry little ape, with laughter warding off the kicks of Pride  
 And varying all the songs she plays upon her foolish flute.  
 At last, sedately and with reverential step and slow,  
 The twins of Wisdom and Intelligence,  
 Chanting in unison an everlasting lay,  
 Wind up the strange procession.

How long, O Wisp of Chance and Change,  
 Can you command this gay, yet true magnificence?  
 How long can any woman, though her soul be burned to ashes,  
 Through worship of the man she loves,  
 Hold sway upon the knoll of fate?  
 It is not given us to count the time, nor weigh the cost,  
 'Tis only given us to love—and hold the baton while we may!

—Rosalie Goodyear.